

# BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army  
Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## WALLACE IS SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A STRANGE SUMMONS FROM MRS. KENSON.

**Synopsis.**—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, told him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor, who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen, she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the war, European war Colonel Howard calls to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist. For years a strange man has haunted Eleanor's footsteps, following but never accosting her. One night Wallace sees the man and follows him to a gambling house kept by Kellerman. Wallace rescues him and takes him to his own apartment. In the night the man, who gave his name as Hartley, disappears. The next day Wallace is called from his office and on his return finds important documents missing. His resignation is requested.

### CHAPTER IX.

"Captain Wallace! Get up! Can you stand? Come with me!"

Mark opened his eyes and groaned. It was pitch dark, and he could see nothing, but he knew the voice for Hartley's.

"Where am I?" he muttered, trying to rise and sinking back again.

"In the Kenson house. Be quick! There! Listen!"

Outside there was the confused murmur of voices, above which came the sound of a crisp command. Then some implement fell heavily against the door of the house, splintering it. Again the cries broke out.

"Try again!" muttered Hartley in desperation. "There's a door into the empty house next door, through the cellar. The police don't know of it. You must get away. You must get away!"

Mark tried again, and this time managed to rise.

Hartley caught Mark by the arm and guided his unsteady footsteps to the door. They gained the passage, and Hartley guided Mark toward the head of the basement steps, which they reached just as the front door fell in under the hatchets of the raiders.

"They scented down the stairs as the hall became filled with the shouting policeman."

Before the foot of the raiders set his foot upon the stone stairs Hartley had found a door in the darkness, opened it, and pushed Mark through, following immediately. He shut the door softly behind him. They were in the basement of the adjoining house.

"We're safe now," said Hartley in a whisper. "You'd better rest, Captain Wallace."

"You're Hartley," muttered Mark, sitting down and trying in vain to discern something of the other's face through the gloom. "What happened and how did you come on the scene?"

"Good God forgive me!" moaned Hartley, suddenly breaking into hysterical sobbing, as on the former night.

"We're ruined now," said Captain Wallace. "What else could I do?"

"So you were in that plot, eh?" asked Mark, wondering that he felt so little anger. "Well, it was clear enough, but it doesn't matter now."

"It matters everything," answered Hartley, in a vehement whisper. "They tricked me into it. I didn't know what their scheme was when I agreed to get you out of the room. But I found out late. And I had suspected. Good, Captain Wallace, to think I found that door!"

"Never mind," said Mark soothingly, listening to the stamping of the raiders in the next house overhead. "What more do you know?"

"I knew that they wouldn't be satisfied with that, sir. They—"

"One moment. Who is 'they,' Hartley?"

"They," repeated Hartley vindictively. "Those devils that make pawns of men. They meant to clinch their dirty work one way or another."

"They meant to buy you after ruining you, and fashion you to their dirty work. If they couldn't do that they were going to—"

"Murther me?"

"No, sir. Discredit you so that nothing you could say would be listened to."

"That's what they meant to do. It was I who was told to give the tip to the police that there was gambling here. They thought the place was closed—and it was. But they wanted the police to find you and arrest you, so that the story might get into the newspapers, and finish you—finish you with the war department, and with Miss Howard."

"And what did you expect to get out of it, Hartley?" asked Mark.

"He heard the man catch at his words."

"He wasn't your wife, Hartley?"

"No, Captain Wallace, no!"

"But she has a hold on you strong enough to compel you to do such work as she requires. And yet you have tried to save me dishonor—if any more could come to me."

"You saved me, Captain Wallace!"

Mark made a sound of protest. "And I have been a gentleman. You don't know how a man feels, Captain Wallace."

"Hartley, you haven't answered my question. Now here's another. Why are you watching Colonel Howard's house the other night?"

"You know that?"

"I followed you here. Tell me the whole truth about this business, and I'll stand by you to the limit—but I won't tell you, Captain Wallace. Some day, perhaps, but not now. I'll stand by you, and I'll fight at your side, sir. But I won't tell you. And that's the heavy condition on which I can agree to what you propose."

"And if we succeed—?"

"Not 'if,' but 'when,'" cried Hartley, with a sudden outbreak of passion.

"I'll tell you then—yes, Captain Wallace. And till then we'll fight together to pull down this nest of conspiracy and prove your innocence to the world."

After a moment he added, "I think

we'd better be making a move out of here, Captain Wallace!"

He pushed open the cellar door and led Mark along the basement passage until a gleam of moonlight appeared in front of them. They emerged into a little garden, a replica of the one next door. There was no policeman on guard. In a moment they were in the street and in safety.

Mark, who had already recovered from the effects of his blow, save for a splitting headache, took a car with Hartley, and half an hour later the two were again in Mark's rooms.

"So you were packing?" asked Hartley, looking about him. "What were you going to do?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "It's queer, being broken like this—I've nothing, no prospects, only a little money. I have to earn a living."

"It'll be the army," said Hartley. "You'll be a sergeant in no time; you run through the ranks in about a couple of years. And then you've won. You've conquered fortune. And you're in a position to do a little quiet working to straighten out your

negatives."

"National Service"—what an enabling idea to constantly cultivate in the minds of the young! For this one reason alone every parent should do more than encourage the activities of the Junior Red Cross. The idea of service takes patriotism for granted, and instills its best part all the time in the minds of children. But the work the school children have done has been beneficial in other ways, and moreover the young people are intensely interested by it. Thoughtful and practical men complain that courses of study in the public schools are too detached from the everyday business of living. Here is where the work of the Junior Red Cross will help out. The sewing, knitting, cooking, rug-making and furniture making are all as practical as brushing one's teeth. The children learn that their work must be up to the Red Cross standards, in or-

der to be accepted, and they become painstaking. Their resourcefulness and ingenuity are stimulated and in their efforts to raise money have revealed their enterprise and thrift. Parents know that all these are the things that make for success and happiness. We know the patriotism may be taken for granted, that it lies in the hearts of nearly all Americans, but the war has seen it translated into service—to the great benefit of the children. Let us hope that the activities of the Junior Red Cross will be kept up after the war is over.

France has invaded the precinct of sweaters. Often it is found on the sides of the large sailor collar, and is made of the same wool as the sweater or wool of contrasting color. One silk sweater that can be changed by any clever knitter into black and white fringe all around a large shawl collar, around the bottom of the sweater and around the lower edge of the cuffs. Tassels, which are only a short concentrated bit of fringe, are used frequently at the ends of sashes on the new sweaters, or they are placed at the corners of the sailor collar to hold the points in place and to add an interesting decorative touch.

**Garmets Close Reefed.**

While the straight silhouette is the dominant one of the season, not all frocks are cut on straight chemise lines. The tendency is toward garments suited to the various types of figure, but keep all close reefed. The straight line, chemise type of garmets is shown, dresses with collar and jacket effects are popular and draperies also appear with great frequency, but flare is definitely absent from each and all.

**Negligees for Leisure Hours**

A little excursion into the realm of negligees soon convinces one that the variety in their design is almost as great as that in afternoon gowns. They range from the simplest affairs to those that challenge study by their intricate draperies and their lovely color effects, as well as by all sorts of fanciful, carefully made little embellishments. Negligees are among the increasing number of things that have ceased to be luxuries and have grown to be necessities for the lives of women of cultivated taste. The busy woman of today must allow herself a little leisure in the course of strenuous days and weeks and when that leisure comes she likes to "dress the part."

Above there is a picture of one of the most unpretentious of these picturesque garments. It consists of a straight chemise dress of pink crepe de chine, suspended from a band of ribbon. The crepe de chine is hot-plaited from top to bottom, with the machine-made plaits pressed in to make them permanent and is a light rose pink in color. Over this there is a coat of crepe georgette in the same color. It has elbow sleeves with a dainty lace flowing from their edges and lace at the bottom. A pulling of the georgette makes the best of the lace for the neck and front of the coat. The lace is a fine cream-colored variety that has a way of falling in graceful lines.

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Practical dresses of blue serge, many on semiprecious lines, are a feature of fall fashions; these models are only semiprecious in appearance and are effectively trimmed with rather brilliant colored embroidery, some in wool and others in wool and silk combinations. Chenille is also used, and many of the motifs applied to these dresses are of the dorsal design.

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More than 90 per cent of the employees of a Wilkesbarre (Pa.) plant are girls. It is announced. Recent investigations by the department of labor showed generally a high increase in the percentage of women employed in industrial plants during the last few years.

**Wallace, now Private Weston**

of the medical service, encounters some old friends and acquaintances unexpected and has an experience that opens his eyes. Here it all came about is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Hughes—Yuzovka.**

The first successful iron and steel mill in southern Russia having been established forty years ago by a man named Hughes, one of the largest steel centers in the Ukraine bear the name Yuzovka—in his honor.—Eugene Logie.



Dr. Henry N. MacCracken, the president of Vassar college, has been devoting himself to the upbuilding of the Junior Red Cross, which has grown, within a year, from nothing to a membership of over 3,000,000. Under the inspiration of his leadership, with war work as a motive, the accomplishment of school children all over the country has been amazing. They have turned out garments for soldiers and refugees—quilts, comforters, rugs, knitted clothing, furniture, toys. They have gathered thousands of dollars worth of salvage, in tin cans and tin-foil, and garages vegetables contributed for the maintenance of markets. In fact, Doctor MacCracken says: "The Junior Red Cross today finds itself engaged in doing almost as many things as there are miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but always with one object—national service."

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### CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of laughter. "And you don't know who I am!"

"If you will state your name—" began Mark patiently.

"Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we met before. Well, I am Ada Kenson."

Mark uttered an angry exclamation, which he instantly checked. "This might prove the key that he was seeking."

"Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but a merry ripple of laughter."

It had been in Mark's mind to look for Hartley in that neighborhood.

"What do you say, Captain Wallace? I can help you very much indeed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know the good deal of what is happening behind the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "Till come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the receiver.

He consulted himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed him into a well-furnished little parlor.

"Sit down, Captain Wallace," she said, indicating a chair.

"You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. Kenson. "Well, I happen to know quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the time you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things."

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something sensational. He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words.

"Your long and distasteful stay in the West, Captain Wallace, was not wholly the fortune of the military

stances," went on Mrs. Kenson. "I suppose you know that the world has changed a good deal during your fifteen years of captivity. Well, this war, for example, it's a shocking revelation to barbarism, the nations flying at each other's throats, when their difficulties could have been adjusted by a little frank diplomacy. It was a great blow to the financial interests that are working to reconcile the nations and to develop the world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not telling you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representatives—principally the Western ones, Captain."

The frankness and candor of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was another of "they," as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of American spies and agents in America.

"We are trying our hardest to prevent America from being dragged into this maelstrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were unfortunate enough to be working on the other side. And—I'm sorry, but a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. You walked right into it. Major Kellerman, who is a very good friend of mine, acted in complete good faith. Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that wretched fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's daughter. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So—you had to go west."

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I—don't quite understand," he said humbly, and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance again before his eyes. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Use your influence and army knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"You ask me to become a German spy?"

"Not to be abused, my dear Captain. Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"That's what it amounts to."

"A little influence on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself. "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!"

He strode indignantly toward the door.

The electric light in the passage had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the door.

Suddenly a vivid light flashed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He swung out his hands and grappled with a man. In an instant he felt a heavy condition on which I can agree to what you propose."

He believed his assailant to be Kellerman, and, half-unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. In a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other got his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into blackness.

"Represent the International Peace Committee."

service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child."

Mark rose in protest, collected himself, and sat down again.

"In fact, Captain Wallace, you have been the victim of circum-

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